High Stakes

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High Stakes

by feralwillgrhm

Summary

Hannibal invites Will to the opera to make up for missing half of the show last time to hook up in the toilets. They are present for the whole show, but that doesn't mean there aren't any distractions.

Notes

People requested a second part, so here we are! We really can't get enough of Hannibal and Will at the opera.

Will was nervous. Hannibal was on his way to pick him up and whisk him away to the opera as a way to make up for missing half of the show last time. He hadn't seen him in a couple of weeks and he felt like the confidence he had in that bathroom had suddenly washed away.

He was pacing his room in the same tight-fitted tuxedo, but it had been cleaned since of course.

His parents were out of town for the weekend thankfully for an anniversary trip, so Will didn't have to explain himself this time and give himself another punishment of cleaning the whole house top to bottom.

Will admitted to himself that he looked good - hair slicked back, a bit of stubble which he had left to grow and he doused himself in his most expensive aftershave. Surely he would have Hannibal impressed?

His heart jumped at every car engine he heard outside but once he saw a large black car pull up outside his house - which looked awfully like a Bentley - his heart was in his mouth. Oh god. He had no idea how the night was going to go but the adrenaline was already kicking in.

The doorbell went and he rushed downstairs, taking a breather before opening the door to the most glorious sight. Hannibal was in another tuxedo, velvet this time - was it tighter than before? His hair was perfectly in place of course, and he was giving Will the most genuine and warm smile.

"Good evening, Will. It's lovely to see you again."

"You too. You look- uh, you look really great." Will's stuttering made him feel awkward. For some reason, this was harder than just having a quick fuck in a bathroom.

"And you look positively exquisite." He paused to take an audible sniff. "You smell even better. I could just eat you up here, right now."

Will blushed. "We have an overpriced opera to go to, Hannibal. Maybe later."

"I'll hold you to that. Shall we?" Hannibal held out his elbow for Will to tuck his arm into and walk him to the car. He felt like a member of royalty; treated like a prince and being escorted in a big, fancy car.

The car ride was silent for the majority of the journey, mostly because Will couldn't wrap around already how much Hannibal was spoiling him. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the occasional glance from Hannibal.

“Are you okay, Will?”

Will was snapped from the daze he was in, staring at the landscape passing by. “Yeah! Yeah, I’m good. It’s just-” He chuckled to himself, “I’ve never gone this far with a hookup and now it just feels a bit… awkward. Is it just me?”

“It’s only awkward when you say it is. How about we go forward with our best intentions? We had a good start, if I do say so myself. We can get to know each other and share what’s under the thick skulls of ours.”

Will smiled, admiring how at ease Hannibal is with all this. “I can get on board with that. I don’t really have much to share, y’know. Boring teenager stuff. How much I hated school, how I don’t really know what I’m doing with my life, etcetera.”

“I bet it is far from boring. I will listen to anything and everything you have to say.”

“Well that makes one of you.” It made Will feel appreciated for once that someone would listen to him and it was nice. His friends were far too self-centred to care about any feelings that he may have.

Hannibal pulled up to the familiar concert hall not long later and even ran around the car to open the door for Will. “I could’ve let myself out, you know.” He blushed.

“I do know. But I want to treat you tonight. And maybe every other night.” Hannibal held out his arm again for him to take.

“Rather bold there, Hannibal. But I could get used to being pampered instead of my parents just pampering themselves.” He stepped out of the car and held onto Hannibal’s strong bicep, enamoured by how it feels under his hand.

Will couldn’t help but smile to himself, realising how good they both looked together in their sharp tuxedos and neat hair. He felt like the crowd of people on the stairs parted just for them as they walked up into the stellar building.

Hannibal took out his tickets and showed them to one of the ushers, careful not to give away to Will where they were sitting tonight.

“Thank you sir, if you just make your way up the stairs on the left, you will find your seats on the designated door.” Up the stairs? Will furrowed his brows. He thought they would’ve had seats like during their first encounter, maybe even front row, so he was a bit confused.

“Come on.” Hannibal smiled and gripped his hand as he guided him through the busy lobby and up a set of stairs which felt like they went on forever.

“Did you get us nosebleed seats, Hannibal?”

“I have no idea what a nosebleed has to do with a seating arrangement, but just wait and see, dear boy.” A shiver went down Will’s spine. He wouldn’t get tired of Hannibal calling him that.

When they came to the top, they were met by a darkened corridor with several doors. Another usher met them with an over-the-top smile who probably would much rather be anywhere else than there. With a flash of Hannibal’s tickets again, they were directed to a door further down.

“What is this, Hannibal?”

“Just take a look and you’ll see.” As soon as he opened the door, Will gasped.

“Is this for us?” Hannibal nodded. They had their own box for the show, with two plush seats set up for them and champagne waiting in a shining ice bucket. Will went over to the edge, gazing upon the fantastic view and looking down at the other spectators below them. “But this is… incredible. God, you must’ve spent a fortune on this.”

“It’s worth it when I get a reaction like that. It’s nice to have our own privacy to enjoy the show, don’t you think? I’ve had my fair share of people cough and splutter in my ear that I long for better company. And here we are.” Hannibal went over to the bucket and gracefully opened the bottle of champagne. “Care for a glass?”

“I can’t say no to a glass of something that’s probably worth hundreds.”

Will never really drank champagne and immediately felt the bubbles go to his head. The warm and fuzzy feeling brought a nice blush to his cheeks as he gazed at Hannibal, who sipped his drink slowly and savoured every mouthful.

“I really don’t know what to say here Hannibal. Thank you? For a guy I’ve known for 2 weeks and have only seen in person maybe a couple of hours max, this is very generous.”

Hannibal smiled and walked over to him, bringing a hand up to palm his cheek. “Boys like you deserve good things. Spoiled, in fact. If you’ll let me.”

Will chuckled. “But this is… already spoiling me so much. Do you get off on this, Hannibal?” He raised an eyebrow at him.

“A heavy question, Will. How would it make you feel if it did?” He took his hand to Will’s waist to pull him in closer. Close enough to smell his musk underneath the mask of aftershave.

“Maybe I’d want to suck your cock every time you bought me something expensive, or simply let you fuck me - how does that sound?” He teased, licking his lips.

“A good exchange, if you ask me. I bet you are pretty on your knees. I already know you take my cock so well.” Will’s cheeks went even redder. They were close, oh so close and Hannibal leaned in, his eyes on Will’s mouth. He pressed their lips together and Will melted into the kiss. Hannibal’s lips were soft and moved languidly, making his knees weak. He tasted heavenly and Will only wanted more.

They didn’t want to get carried away so Hannibal broke the kiss, Will whining at the loss of contact. Hannibal dragged a thumb across Will’s spit-covered lip. “You are simply divine.”

Will wasn’t used to this amount of praise or attention, but he didn’t want it to stop. Hannibal’s compliments ran warmth through him and made him giddy. He never thought he’d have an older man like Hannibal falling at his feet and decided he was worth spending a lot of money on, considering they hadn’t spent much time together yet. Will was never lucky, but right now he felt like he had struck gold.

They were onto their second glass of champagne when the lights dimmed down and the quiet spread throughout the hall. Will and Hannibal sat down in the plush seats with the perfect view, looking down on the stage which was about to be graced by some of the most talented singers.

Will didn’t even think to ask what the show actually was, being too focused on everything Hannibal was doing; ushering him quickly into the building, cracking open the expensive alcohol and kissing him. He was very distracting, but in a good way.

A woman strided onto the stage with a beautiful white dress and started off with a soft song, the delicate notes flowing up to their ears. Usually this wouldn’t be Will’s kind of thing, but the mixture of the emotions the woman was conveying, and just being there with Hannibal bubbled something inside him. And probably thanks to the alcohol too.

Hannibal must’ve sensed it, as he placed his large hand on top of his and squeezed lightly. Will turned his head to see Hannibal smiling, his eyes glistening as he watched the show. He hadn’t really taken the time to properly admire the man’s looks, but watching him enjoy one of his favourite things and seeing his expression under the glow of the lights reflecting from the stage, Will realised how beautiful he really was.

He turned back to watch the woman swish around on the stage and took Hannibal’s hand in his, intertwining their fingers.

Will wasn’t sure how long the show was meant to go on for, but he struggled sitting down for too long before beginning to fidget and move around in his seat. It wasn’t boring him, however he could feel his focus slipping away. This was probably distracting Hannibal as he squeezed his hand again, Will feeling bad about it.

“It’s not long until the interval. Thank you for being so good for me.” Hannibal whispered. The alcohol still had him flushed, a haze over his mind and the words just went straight to his

cock. Turns out he really, really liked it when Hannibal told him he was good. Huh.

Will nodded, nostrils flaring. Hannibal let his hand fall from his grasp and latch onto Will's thigh, settling just above his knee. He marvelled at the way his hand spanned the width of his leg and more. This was not helping his impending arousal, the heat from Hannibal seeping his way into him and longing for it to move higher. But Hannibal probably wasn't going to give it to him that easily.

They sat still, watching the ending of the act which involved a wonderful crescendo from the singers, harmonies galore and then the darkness hit, the silence filling the room before a burst of applause broke out. Hannibal stood up, clapping loudly and grinning and Will followed suit.

The house lights came up. "Isn't it wonderful? All of their voices blending together, just remarkable."

"Yeah, it was nice to be able to focus more on it, although not completely." Will smirked, trying to ignore his pounding heart. Hannibal only had a hand on his thigh god dammit.

"I appreciate your patience, Will. I know they can be long for someone who isn't used to this." Hannibal filled up their glasses again, Will not objecting to more champagne because who knows when he would get to experience this again?

They went to the bathroom to relieve themselves, Will thinking back to their first encounter and how dirty and raw it was. It stirred excitement in the pool of his stomach because the night wasn't over yet. There was still time for them to perhaps get up to mischief that Hannibal wouldn't normally partake in. If Hannibal would let him.

They got comfortable in their seats again, ready for the second half of the show and Hannibal immediately placed his hand back on Will's thigh, higher this time. Will sucked in a small breath, as he felt the pads of Hannibal's fingertips dig into the meat of his inner thigh. The skin there was always sensitive, so already he was on edge and knew his focus on the rest of the show was going right down the drain.

Hannibal wasn't giving anything else away, purely watching the show and sitting completely still. Will, on the other hand, felt his heart beat thrum in his ears and the beginnings of sweat on the nape of his neck. He so desperately wanted Hannibal to move his hand. To touch his where he most wanted. He didn't want to come off as impatient or too needy, so he would wait like the good boy Hannibal loved and praised.

Will gripped his glass tightly as Hannibal inched his hand up a little bit higher. He could feel his cock stirring in anticipation, opening his legs a little wider to invite Hannibal in. The man and woman on stage were serenading each other, caressing their bodies and faces. It made him ache even more to be touched.

Hannibal was really keeping him teetering on the edge here, probably enjoying how Will was starting to tremble under his simple touch. The power that he had over him. Another move of

his hand and he was where Will's thigh and hip met. His fingertips stroked downwards, getting ever closer to his crotch.

It felt sneaky, that they were out in the open like this but no one could see them. Will thought that perhaps this was the main reason why Hannibal chose the box for them. He loved the fling he had with Will in the bathroom and wanted to keep with the theme. Will never knew the thrill he would get out of fucking in a public place until he met Hannibal and the thought of doing it again sent a bolt arousal through him.

Will nearly let out a whine when Hannibal finally placed his hand on his crotch; the relief of his already nearly erect cock getting some sort of friction. He rubbed slowly, circling the pads of fingers over him and closing his hand around his cock through the material of his suit trousers.

Hannibal still had his head forward, enjoying the turbulence of the show. Will had a pang of jealousy, wanting his full focus to be on him but at the same time, he didn't want to detract him away from something he was passionate about, and forked out the money for.

It took him no time to get fully hard, straining against his clothing and Will was suddenly very thankful for the volume of the show, covering up his heavy breathing and occasional moans that slipped from his mouth. Hannibal could hear them though.

The friction was nice but Will was getting a bit agitated about the two layers of clothing getting in the way. He wanted skin-on-skin contact; the warmth of Hannibal's large hand wrapped around his cock. He didn't care that it would be dry, he wanted to come here and now, right onto the man's fingers.

Hannibal had a different idea, though. He took his hand away, Will's hips jerking forward trying to chase the contact and then fished for something in his suit pocket. Will wasn't expecting him to draw out a small bottle of lube but that's exactly what he did. Will's mouth went dry. Was he about to get fucked here and now?

"Come and sit on my lap, Will. So we can still both enjoy the show." Will swallowed thickly. "Keep everything on for now."

Will made himself comfortable, his legs spread wide and draping over Hannibal's thighs with his back against Hannibal's chest. "Can you still see you okay?" Will mumbled, not wanting to ruin anything for Hannibal.

"I can see perfectly, thank you dear boy." He brought his hands around Will and unzipped his trousers. He coated his hand in lube, slipped it into his underwear and gave Will's cock a couple of strokes. He shuddered at the contact, sagging back into Hannibal.

With the hundreds of people below and spectators in the boxes to either side of them, it felt so dirty but even more exciting than last time. Hannibal's hand didn't settle on his cock, moving it past his balls and to his tight hole. Will jumped, the coolness of his fingers pressed against the furled skin.

"Now, now, don't cause too much of a commotion." Hannibal whispered.

“Sorry, Hannibal.” He became aware quickly of the hand against his stomach, pinning him against the older man. A finger rubbed his hole and slowly pushed into him. Will’s mouth dropped open in a heat of pleasure, clenching around Hannibal’s long digit. He was leaking against his boxers, the stickiness dripping onto them.

“Please, Hannibal.” He whined, pushing himself onto Hannibal, wanting him to fill him up. Another finger was added, stretching him out a little bit more. Hannibal wasn’t even moving his hands much; the work put in by Will swivelling his hips and taking him as deep as he could.

“Have you been following the story, Will? Or have you been too caught up in thinking about me fucking you?” Will flushed. He should be disappointed in himself. Hannibal spent a lot on the tickets but he lost track quickly, the arousal fogging his brain.

“I thought I was but your hand on my thigh- I’m sorry, Hannibal.” He wasn’t feeling that apologetic though. If anything, it was Hannibal’s fault starting it.

“So easy for me. I could reduce you to a mess with the simplest of touches, couldn’t I?” Will nodded. Hannibal took this opportunity to add a third finger, the boy gasping. He couldn’t see his face, but he knew Will would have a lovely red blush across his cheeks, lips bitten as he tried to contain the noises of satisfaction.

Will was writhing in his lap and his shirt was sticking to his back thanks to the sweat. He felt suffocated with heat and pleasure. It was overwhelming him and if Hannibal wasn’t careful, he would be coming far too soon. Hannibal soon gauged that and took his hand out, filthily wiping his hand on his own suit trousers. He usually wouldn’t dare doing something like that, but he was too caught in the moment and needed to be inside Will. With Will sat on his lap and absentmindedly rubbing against his crotch, precum was trickling down his cock.

“Sit forward for me and pull your trousers down, my love. Make sure you don’t give them an eyeful.” Hannibal quickly pulled out his thick cock, letting his curve against his pristine white shirt. Will did what he asked, his perky ass now on view and a slight glisten around his hole from the lube.

Hannibal took a hold of his hips and brought him back, guiding him to his cock. Will took his time, edging down slowly around Hannibal’s thick length and gasping at the stretch.

Every day they were apart after they first met, Will longed for Hannibal’s cock. He often had dreams about him, consuming him and lighting his nerve-endings on fire, an explosion of pleasure taking over him. He’d wake up sticky and panting, the want lingering in the pits of his stomach. He knew he would see Hannibal again, but it was the waiting for something he craved so bad that was the problem.

Here and now, he realises that the wait was totally worth it.

Flush to Hannibal’s lap and feeling full, Will took a moment to get used to it before grinding his hips up and down slowly, but not too slow. Hannibal was panting in his ear with a tight grip on his hips. There would definitely be bruises there tomorrow. Not that he minded and

could already picture tracing them whilst stroking himself, the reminder of Hannibal never disappearing.

Will had no idea how far they were into the show, or what exactly was happening. The beautiful song rang through his ears, the perfect vibrato, but he couldn't concentrate on what the storyline was. Hannibal felt so good inside him, rubbing against his walls and he profusely leaked onto his clothes.

"Ah, I'm already so close." Will whimpered, wanting to wait for Hannibal to stroke him to orgasm.

"You can last a bit longer can't you? Can you wait till I come like a good boy?"

Will didn't know how long that would be but he nodded his head immediately. He would do anything the man asked him to. Anything to bask under his praise.

Will's body was getting tired, his movements getting sloppy and he leaned fully back into Hannibal, his head resting on Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal took this as a chance to drive into him, thrusting his hips up. As well as the noise coming from the stage, there was the repetitiveness of their flesh slapping together but it was only audible to them.

Hannibal was so close now, the tightness of Will around him driving him towards that sweet release. His breathing got louder, hot pants hitting Will's ear and wrapping an arm around Will's waist to bring him even closer. So close they were almost conjoined. It was intense; the air thick and warm with their bodies rubbing together and perspiration.

The orgasm hit him suddenly, biting into Will's clothed shoulder as he spilled inside the boy. It was glorious, hearing the mewls from Will as he felt the wetness seep from Hannibal.

"You can come now." Hannibal whispered, wrapping a hand around Will's flushed cock. He only had to stroke twice before his hips snapped into the air and he came with a shout. They were lucky that the lady on stage had built to a great crescendo, otherwise people would be questioning what the noise was, bursting into the box and getting an eyeful.

Will's limbs were lax and his eyes glazed. He slumped onto Hannibal's warm body as he willed his heart rate to slow down. Beautiful voices rang through his ears and he felt like he was in heaven, with Hannibal's cock still buried deep inside him.

Hannibal's hand was covered in come, but with Will still perched on his lap and tissues out of reach, he licked the fluid clean off, savouring the tangy taste of the boy. He hummed as he swallowed. Delectable.

They lost track of how long they sat there for, listening to each other's breaths and not daring to move, their focus occasionally drifting onto the stage.

They were startled when the lights went down and a loud applause broke out before the singers took their multiple bows and blew their kisses. Will lifted himself off of Hannibal's

lap quickly to pull his trousers up before clapping, Hannibal's come dribbling out of his ass again.

Hannibal quickly pulled himself together before joining him. They felt like a couple of naughty schoolboys, laughing with blushes set upon their cheeks and remnants of each other inside them or splattered across their clothes.

"Is this going to become a habit?" Will shouted over the applause.

"Would you mind if it did?" Hannibal had a suggestive look plastered on his face.

Getting invited to expensive operas with the most generous and attractive man he had ever met and being fucked by him? "No. Not at all."

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